That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despaire and die.
To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth praie for thee.

Enter the Goast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy giltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting, despaire, desparing yeeld thy breath,
To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmons side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

King Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare? my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason whie?
Least *I* reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke *I* loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deedes committed by my selfe,
I am a villaine, yet *I* lie *I* am not,
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seueral tale,
And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine,

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pitie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murtherd,
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the earlie village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friendes are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friendes proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
Vnder our tents Ile plaie the ease dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lordes to Richmond,

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
Lo. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your depature had my Lordes,